

# THE CALCUTTA JOURNAL,

## Political, Commercial, and Literary Gazette.

Vol. VI]

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1849.

[No. 243]

### General Summary of News.

#### ASIA.

**Mymensing.**—A letter from this station, dated November 13th, states, that the shock of the Earthquake felt here on that date, was observed at Mymensing about half past one in the morning. The sensation experienced was like the shock of two large boats coming in contact with each other. The weather had for some days before been cold in the mornings and evenings, and moderate in the day, until the 12th, when the weather was cloudy and overcast, and the atmosphere heavy and warm.

**Mohammedabad.** Nov. 13.—At twenty minutes before two on the morning of the 11th, the shock of an Earthquake was felt here; if the undulating motion may be so termed. I am of opinion that there were three distinct shocks or motions of the Earth, as the vibration of the sash windows awoke me from my sleep, and while sitting up in my bed endeavouring to ascertain the cause of their extraordinary agitation, I felt what I concluded to have been the second, the effect it had on the bed (which stands East and West) was similar to the undulating motion of a boat produced by the gentle swell of a short wave; the shaking of the sashes increased considerably, and in about eighteen or twenty seconds another slight motion took place.

The rattling of the windows continued throughout, which, as near as I can judge, was about two minutes in duration.

The time of its taking place is from the mean of five watches, and it is generally allowed, that it proceeded from East to West alternately.

The preceding day was cloudy, with a peculiar density of atmosphere.

Since the 5th we have had a succession of dark cloudy weather, a few drops of rain fell at intervals, and last night we had a heavy shower.

The sickness in His Majesty's 59th Foot, I am sorry to add, continues, and some casualties have occurred.

**Jubbulpore.**—The following intelligence from this station, dated on the 1st instant, has been communicated through the Government Gazette:

The 8th Light Cavalry march for Pertabgurh, Oude, on the 5th instant. The troops and more especially the European Officers at Jubbulpore have been very sickly of late. Grain of every description is extremely scarce and dear throughout this part of the country, so much so, that the allowance for the Cavalry horses has been reduced from four seers per diem to three, at a period when it is most desirable to increase it. Even at this rate, a supply sufficient for a month's consumption cannot be procured. For the last month, grain and wheat have been sold here at 8 seers per rupee. The Commissioner at Sagur it is said, sent ten thousand rupees into this district, a few days ago, for the purchase of seed grain at any rate; but his people were obliged to return as they came, not a seer being procurable. The crops on the ground are very promising, and to the credit of the Commissioner on the Nerbudda be it spoken, through his exertions, tracts of land every where have been brought under cultivation, over which, perhaps, had never passed a plough before, certainly not for very many years.

**Calcutta.**—On the 5th instant, an Inquest was holden at Shaen-taer Baugun, situate in Cherruckdunga, over the body of one Bhoogerut, a Hindoo. It appeared in evidence, that the deceased was very much addicted to liquor, and during his fits of inebriation was heard frequently to declare, that he would put an end to his existence. The night preceding, the deceased was intoxicated when he was left to his repose, and in the morning of the foregoing date, when his wife went to attend him, she discovered him suspended by his neck to a linen cloth, the other end of which was affixed to the cross bamboo of the hut. Instant means were adopted to recover the deceased; the body was loosened and restoratives administered, but too late, no pulsations remained. A verdict was returned of "Suicide."

**Public Concert.**—Mr. and Mrs. Lacy's Second Concert was held on Monday evening last, at the Town Hall, and the audience were not less numerous than on the former occasion.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings entered the room about nine, and the Concert opened with Haydn's celebrated and favorite Symphony, *The Surprise*, which was played in a much more perfect manner than any of the instrumental Pieces of the former occasion, and gave proportionately greater satisfaction.

OR,

The Glee of *Wandering Willie* was thought, in the estimation of those to whom it was most familiar as an old and admired Scotch Air, to have been robbed of all its original character, either in the harmonizing, or from some other cause. Many did not recognise it as the Song usually known by that name; and none even of those who were satisfied with its identity, failed to regret the change it seemed to have undergone. The execution of it was unexceptionable as to the two principal voices, but the same objection existed as before to the inferior ones, namely, that they could not be heard even from the nearest seats, a defect which is so radical as to form a considerable drawback on the pleasure that would be received, if the harmony of those pieces were not only full and complete in the composition, but in the singing of them also.

The Recitative and Air, of Rossini, *O Patria!* and *Tu ch'accendi questo core*, were sung in the most graceful and impressive manner. The dead silence that prevailed throughout the room, occasioned every accent to be heard, every note to be distinguished and dwelt upon, and the general impression among the auditors appeared to be that of unmixed admiration and delight.

The Duet of *The Butterfly*, by Sale, was harmonious and agreeable, but not calculated to excite a higher feeling than that of passive satisfaction.

Bishop's grand, awful, and we may add magnificent Song of *The Storm*, was calculated to display Mr. Lacy's powers to great advantage, and the effect was productive both of surprise and pleasure. The accompaniments for a full orchestra were most judiciously arranged, and the performance was spirited and accurate to a high degree. The Recitative of this Song had all the characteristics of grandeur; and the Air, particularly at the commencement of the strain—

"Stern Monarch of the Winds, admit my prayer,"

was as soft, melodious, and impressive, as any thing we remember in the whole range of English vocal Music.

The Irish Air which has been harmonized by Harrison into a Glee, to the words of Curran, under the name of *The Deserter's Meditations*, is well known and popular. The Air is in itself so pleasing, and the simple construction of it admits of such excellent harmony, that it could not well fail to please. The vocal strength, however, was not equally divided, and the two inferior voices as before were not heard, so that the effect of which this beautiful Glee is capable, was, it cannot be denied, imperfect.

Dr. Arne's Ballad of *Soft pleasing Pains*, would have been willingly exchanged by those who heard it, for any good Italian Song, and this may be said without disparagement to the science and high reputation of the composer, or the plaintive and moving tones of the singer, who caught the feeling of the composition with the most correct conception, and expressed it in the happiest manner; but Mozart, Paisiello, Cimarosa, or Rossini, would have been more welcome,—would have shown the depth and extent of musical powers to a greater degree,—would have been more characteristic of that branch of vocal Music, in which Mr. and Mrs. Lacy both so pre-eminently excel,—and for these reasons would have charmed more ears, and delighted more hearts, than any English compositions that could be selected.

The Russian Air and Chorus, harmonized by Stevenson, *Hark the Vesper Hymn is stealing*, was a masterly display of effect. The *crescendo e diminuendo*, so important, so indispensable indeed to the correct execution of this Song, were most happily observed throughout; and the satisfaction it gave, was sufficiently expressed by the dead stillness with which the Vesper sounds were listened to, as they first burst, and then died away upon the ear, as well as by the continued applause which led to its repetition.

The highest treat of the evening, however, not for the lovers of Italian Music only, but for every one, we think, who could feel the "concord of sweet sounds," was the Duetto Buffo of Rossini, *Se inclinato a prender moglie*. There is about this Song something that may without the least abuse of terms, be called enchanting. We have never heard it sung even in private without observing all auditors carried away by the sort of magic with which it operates upon the feelings. The rapid utterance of some portions of this divine effort of the Art, might be thought capable of execution only by the organs of the sweetest bird; the full deep tones of the graver portions are worthy the tongues of angels; and if the epithet of heavenly could ever with strict propriety be applied to any human work, we do conceive that this in every sense deserves it. We might indulge our own



feelings in an analysis of its unrivalled beauties, but we should not perhaps gratify our readers. Mr. and Mrs. Lacy's manner of singing it, and the universal delight with which it was listened to, are the best comments on its excellencies, and we hope to hear it often repeated before the season of their labours closes.

The admired Scotch Ballad, *O Nanny! wilt thou gang with me*, notwithstanding that it followed immediately after the finest, beyond comparison, of all the vocal pieces that we have yet heard here, was nevertheless sung, as it should be sung, with a truth to Nature, that correct conceptions of the sentiment of Music alone can give it; and was heard, as it always must be heard when so executed, with mingled feelings of soothing melancholy and pleasurable sadness.

On the whole, however, we are compelled to say, that the satisfaction was neither so great nor so general at this Second Concert, as it was at the First. The instrumental Music was well chosen and well got through, with the exception of the Concerto on the Violoncello, to which no one listened willingly, and those who did were compelled to acknowledge its being utterly destitute of attraction. Mr. Kuhlau's talents as a performer are too well known and established to be hurt by an expression of this sort. The fault was not wholly his own, but the effect was decidedly bad, whether the cause originated with himself or others. It should never be forgotten, that though "variety has charms" it must be a variety of good things; for a mingling of bad ones with these can never be agreeable. The Concerto in itself was a piece of no merit, and the execution of it neither displayed the powers of the principal instrument nor of any of the accompanying ones, while it was too much a Concerto to pass as a Sestetto or Symphony in parts.

All Concertos are intended expressly for the display of the particular instrument that leads, and for this reason they should never be attempted but by the greatest proficient; for though mediocrity in other compositions will give pleasure, any thing short of absolute perfection in a Concerto is sure to produce pain to musical ears, and embarrassment and a "wonder at what it means" to all others. Mr. Kuhlau's astonishing powers of execution on his own appropriate instrument, the Clarinet, would have been a thousand times more welcome; and all who remember his Concerto on the Clarinetto Bassetto at his own Benefit Concert during the last cold season, must regret, that if a Concerto had been necessary, this instrument had not been chosen.

The omission of Mr. Delmar's Flute, which delights all ears, and speaks to all hearts, was universally regretted. This would have been a still more desirable substitute for the Violoncello Concerto, and the difference would have been, that, instead of the hum of general conversation which was heard throughout the room while the one was playing, there would have been a silence and fixed attention to the warblings of the other, which no one would have felt disposed to lose a note of, and which no one would have dared to disturb.

All the English Songs, too, with the exception of *The Storm*, *The Vesper Hymn*, and *O Nanny*, might well have been spared; and even these would readily have been exchanged for such inexpressibly beautiful compositions as *O Patria* and *Sei inclinat*. We can hear the ordinary Songs of our own language in our own private circles, and as the merit of these, or at least their effect in producing pleasure, does not wholly depend on extent of power in execution, or display of science in grace or ornament, they may be felt and appreciated as warmly at home as in public rooms; but the divine perfections of the Italian school, are not within the compass of all organs; an accurate conception of the spirit of such compositions, belongs only to the most refined and cultivated tastes; a correct and happy pronunciation of the beautiful language in which they are written, is attainable but by few; and the power of expressing all these requisite perfections by the voice, belongs only to those who have made it the study of years, whom Nature has first formed for such a task, and Art tutored to execute it with success.

All these are striking reasons, we think, why Mr. and Mrs. Lacy, to whom these captivating powers belong, in a very high degree, should indulge us more largely with the display of them. If their object be to attain Fame, this is the walk in which that meed awaits them;—if they desire to surprise and delight, it is by this they will most assuredly effect it;—and if, as we should hope, the paramount consideration to all is a desire to repay the debt of gratitude which they not only owe, but feel, we believe deeply, to the community of India who have so liberally patronized their labours, by consulting their wishes in the means by which they are to dispense pleasure to those who hear them, we have no hesitation in saying, that, it is the wish and desire of all those whom we have ever heard express an opinion on the subject, and these are neither few nor destitute of rank or consideration, that the powers of Mr. and Mrs. Lacy should be more liberally exercised in the peculiar school in which they excel, and that for their own sakes as well as that of their auditors, they should soar to the loftiest efforts of their Art, since we have already seen how steadily and how ably they can sustain their flight.

**Theatricals**—The Theatre at Dum Dum re-opened for the season on Wednesday evening, with the Melo Drama of "*Meg Murnoch*," or "*The Hag of the Glen*." This Piece is founded on one of the principal stories in the Tales of My Landlord, with some variations to adapt it to the stage, and was performed for Forty successive nights in London to

overflowing houses, which is a sufficient proof of the estimation in which it was held there. As the Piece has never, as we understand been published, and the performance here was got up from a manuscript copy, our knowledge of the story and the details of the characters, &c. can be gathered only from the recollection of what we witnessed at its first representation on Wednesday evening, before a crowded, and we must add, a delighted audience.

The characters of the Piece are, Walter, Lord of Finlagan; Fitz-Arran, his Son; Lord Malcolm, his Brother-in-law, a young Child; Lord Dunbar, his Guardian and Friend; Duncan Graeme, an old Cottager; Andrew, his Son, a sort of half witty and half silly personage; with Bardiotti &c. Lady BIRTH, the Wife of Fitz-Arran; Madeline, the Daughter of Duncan Graeme the Cottager; and Meg Murnoch, the Hag of the Glen.

The rising of the curtain displayed the interior of Duncan Graeme's cottage, which was very happily conceived, and exceedingly characteristic of the country in which the scene was laid. It was occupied by a company of Hunters in Tartan dresses, attendant on Lord Fitz-Arran, who had called at the cottage to refresh, and while he himself in a rich Tartan plaid and bonnet was receiving the hospitable and reverential attentions of the cottagers, his men were carousing over a blazing hearth. The dresses were excellent; the glee and chorus, sang by the party, full and harmonious, and the whole scene promising a high treat of Melo-dramatic exhibition.

On the departure of Fitz-Arran, he proposes to cross the Glen of Lorrin, on his return to the castle of his Father, Walter, Lord of Finlagan. He is dissuaded from this by Duncan and his son, who point to him in horrid colours, the person and character of Meg Murnoch, the Hag of the Glen, who wanders here; and of whom they mention the remarkable fact, that the young Lord Malcolm, a child of about six or eight years old, never came with presents from the castle to the cottage, but Meg Murnoch always announced his approach by appearing like a ghost at the window. One occasion is particularly described, and this is done in so impressive a manner, and is besides so explanatory of the whole story, that it is worth mentioning at length.

Andrew, who is requested by the anxious Fitz-Arran to mention any one particular occasion on which this Hag of the Glen had made her mysterious visit, says:—"Twas on a winter's evening; about this time; the day had been more than usually dark, and the night bid fair to be tempestuous. The attendants, who were accustomed to attend Young Malcolm home, came not; nor have they, since that day, been heard of. My father growing uneasy at their long delay, bade me prepare to see the young lord to the Castle. This being a pleasant task, on went my cap, and having just taken a couple of glasses o' whiskey by way of giving me a flow of spirits and to keep the cold out of my stomach, forth we prepared to sally; when just as we reached the cottage door, who should appear at the window, but this very Meg Murnoch! her face pale and wan! her eyes red with anger! her lips pale and trembling! With her bare and shrivelled arm forcing back the casement, she leaned forward into the cottage and in a harsh, discordant voice exclaimed "*Blood for Meg Murnoch! Infant's blood! Young Malcolm dead, his riches are Meg Murnoch's.*" Then bursting into a wild hysteric laugh, she vanished from the windows!"

While Fitz Arran is musing on these mysterious words, and Andrew is further describing the very manner in which she appeared and stood at the window, the attention of all being roused to the highest pitch, and a sort of horror pervading the whole company, the Hag of the Glen suddenly appears in the very same spot, and strikes every one dumb with terror. The figure of this being defies all description. It was forlorn, haggard, murderous, bloody, frantic, mysterious, and appalling, and the real effect produced on the audience was far more powerfully displayed than the actors were able to imitate.

After a long and awful pause, Fitz Arran musters courage enough to address the Hag, and tells her, among other things: If thirst for young Malcolm's blood had brought her hither she would be foiled, for that under his protection, the child was safe. To this she answers—"Tis false! to-night young Malcolm dies! Meg Murnoch says it! Demons of Death will seal his fate in Lorrin's Glen! Young Malcolm dies for Lord Fitz-Arran."

The Hag vanishes, and when Fitz-Arran has recovered his surprise, he orders his attendants to pursue her; they return to say she has escaped, but that in pursuing her into the thicket where she seemed to have sunk into the earth they found only her mountain staff and a scrap of paper. This is then produced and read—"Meg Murnoch defies pursuit! Destruction waits on him, who seeks to know the Mountain Hag!"

It is then determined, that Fitz-Arran shall not return to the Castle that night, but remain at the cottage. He still ponders over the mystery, and his honor being more deeply concerned in preserving the life of this child, from the fact of his being likely to succeed to all his fortune by its death, he determines on going out to seek and encounter the Mountain Hag alone, in order to obtain the explanation of the mysterious sentence.

The next scene shows a chain of Alpine bridges, run from one rock to another, beneath which, runs a rapid stream; in the distance is a rich valley, in the middle of which is seen the Castle of Finlagan, towards



the front on one side stands the Cave of Meg Murnoch, the approach to which is by a piece of rugged rock, at whose foot is a withered tree. The whole of this scene is excellently conceived, and very ably executed, and the Music that accompanies the whole, full of characteristic passages.

Fitz-Arran descends and reaches the Cave of Meg Murnoch into which he enters, while at the instant of his disappearance she is seen on the highest bridge, and descending from thence also to the front of the stage. She is about to descend into her Cave, when Fitz-Arran encounters her, and after surprise and attitudes of preparation for danger, he vows to her never to quit the Glen of Lorrin, till the mystery of young Malcolm's threatened death be cleared up.

To this the Hag replies, that she too has sworn an oath, from which neither heaven nor earth should make her swerve, and that her purpose is fixed. After some altercation he threatens to wrest it from her with his sword. She draws from her bosom a poignard to defend herself, and his purpose is stayed. At this moment, a distant horn is heard, which Fitz-Arran takes to be the signal of young Malcolm's death. Meg Murnoch answers it by the same sound, which confirms his suspicions.

A troop of banditti now appears; and Fitz-Arran expresses fears for his own life; this, however, the Hag appeases, by directing him to enter the Cave and his life shall be safe. He descends into it, and in a moment the Glen is filled with the troop of Vich Ivor, who hail her as the Mountain Hag, the renowned Meg Murnoch, and do homage to her as the Guardian of the Glen in whose dark recesses they find security for their plunder.

Amidst this scene, from which the Castle of Finlagan is seen across a lake, with lighted halls, and appearance of great festivity, Walter, the Lord of that Domain appears, and is surrounded by the troop of Vich Ivor, who, with the Mountain Hag, it appears had been employed by him to murder young Malcolm, in order to enrich his Son, Fitz-Arran, by his fortune.

Fitz-Arran who is still hidden just within the Cave, perceives with astonishment, his Father as the avowed perpetrator of this bloody deed. The Lord of Finlagan opens his purpose more in detail to the band he employs, pays them largely now, promises them more hereafter, and gives them directions for entering the Castle amid the revelry of the guests, under disguises he had prepared for them, and carrying off the child from a certain window named.

They set forth on their bloody purpose, the Lord of Finlagan leading the way, and boasting that to-morrow's dawn would see his Son able to overleap the richest of all Scotland's nobles. Meg Murnoch calls Fitz-Arran to come forth, flying herself on the rocks; and after shewing him that she had kept her pledge in preserving his life, vanishes again, leaving Fitz-Arran distracted at having found his Father the intended murderer of the young Malcolm, to save whose life he had thus risked his own.

Shortly after the mysterious Hag appears again on the rocks, and while Fitz-Arran is tortured by the most agonizing thoughts, exclaims "Remember Meg Murnoch's words! Young Malcolm dies for Lord Fitz-Arran! An hour hence he sleeps in death!" and vanishes, Fitz-Arran following her, encouraged by the hope of being yet able to avert young Malcolm's threatened doom.

The scene now changes to the exterior of the Castle of Finlagan, and the introduction of Duncan the Cottager and Andrew into the Castle, which is unimportant, and might perhaps be omitted with advantage.

The next scene displays the Banqueting Hall, with the banners of the different friendly clans whose chiefs are numbered among the guests of the Castle for the night, and the Lady Birtha is seen beneath a canopy, with the young child Lord Malcolm under her care. Duncan and Andrew now enter, and after accounting to the Lady Birtha for her husband Fitz-Arran's absence, requests the dismissal of her guests, and reveals to her the whole of the previous conduct and predictions of the Mountain Hag, and the threatened destruction of young Malcolm.

While they are deliberating on the means of securing the child's life, Meg Murnoch appears at the window of the Hall, and exclaims, "Young Malcolm, hear me! Meg Murnoch is at hand, and soon will triumph in her work of blood!" when she suddenly disappears.

Fitz-Arran enters, with his sword drawn, his dress disordered, and his head bare. Explanation ensues; and it is determined on that young Malcolm shall be placed in another chamber, under the care of Duncan, who swears to preserve his life. All this is gone through, and at length, while the child is asleep, with the Lady Birtha, Duncan, and his Son, all professedly guarding him; but, overcome by a powerful opiate administered by the giver of the feast, sunk into slumber too, some of Vich Ivor's band appear, and seize the infant, giving it to Meg Murnoch, who appears at the window, and bears it away in triumph, though their intention was to have delivered it to one of their own band stationed there for the purpose.

All is now confusion and alarm; and Fitz-Arran appearing, at the cries for help, is accused by Duncan, as perpetrator of the deed, since without his aid, he insists it would not have been accomplished.

The scene now changes to the Glen of Lorrin, in which Meg Murnoch appears bearing young Malcolm in her arms. Vich Ivor, the leader of the band, follows her to seize the child, as his murder was committed to his hand. She disputes its possession. He draws his sword to obtain it by force. She throws off her ragged plaid, and appears in a form almost more terrific than before with a broad girdle armed with pistols, and a naked sword extended by her bare and bloody arm, she determines on Vich Ivor's death, that she may reign the Lord of Lorrin's Glen, and a combat ensues, in which she kills him.

The next scene is a steep and foaming cataract, amid the wildest rocks. Walter, the Lord of Finlagan, enters, alarmed for the failure of the plot; when he sees young Malcolm, who has escaped from the Hag, seizes him, and has his hand uplifted to strike a dagger into his breast, when Meg Murnoch appears and arrests him. Voices of pursuers are heard. They fear to spill his blood on the spot, as it might lead to detection, and Walter orders the Hag to throw the Child from the highest rock into the foaming cataract. She seizes him and flies off to execute the mandate. At the moment of her wrapping him in the cloak in which she burks him into the deep. Fitz-Arran appears in pursuit, just in time to witness the execution of the horrid deed. He startles at seeing his Father, but knowing him, from what he witnessed when hidden in the Cave, to be the murderer, or at least the author of the crime, he is overawed by filial duty, and promises to conceal the fact, remaining fixed on the spot while his Father hides himself.

Duncan Graeme, and his band of pursuers from the Castle enter, and finding Fitz-Arran there, all their former suspicion, on him are roused, and they seize him as the murderer. He fixes the deed on Meg Murnoch, whom he saw hurl the Child from the rock, and describes her flight. They believe him and pursue her, when Fitz-Arran being left alone, rejoices at having saved his Father's life, and bids him come forth. He conjures him to leave the spot, as his life might still be in danger; and in the struggle between his honour and filial ties, he determines on accusing Meg Murnoch, and trusts to his evidence for his Father's escaping even without suspicion.

The stage now becomes covered with pursuers, among which are the Lady Birtha and all her household. Lord Walter, in missing his way, finds himself suddenly among them, and all is consternation, suspicion, and anxiety. In the midst of this, Meg Murnoch being caught by her pursuers, is brought down the rocks a prisoner. Duncan demands of her an answer to Fitz-Arran's charge, of being the author of young Malcolm's murder. Lord Walter, who is present, joins in the accusation. The scene becomes highly wrought and impressive, and when Meg Murnoch at length fixes on the Lord of Finlagan as her employer on this deed of death, and he is rushing on her to destroy her as a Hag of Perfidy, she unfolds her plaid, produces the child, Lord Malcolm, whose cloak only she had thrown into the stream with the intention of preserving his life, and exclaims, "Behold the proof, both of Meg Murnoch's innocence and the Lord of Finlagan's guilt!" The shouts of joy and indignation mingle, and the curtain drops at this climax of the scene.

We have gone thus much into detail, as without such description the story would be unintelligible; and though it would have been more easy to have spoken in general terms of praise, we have preferred giving to those who did not witness the performance, an idea of the incidents and scenery which contributed to give it its principal effect.

We have been led into such length of analysis, that we have only room to say the whole performance was excellent, the characters well-supported, the dresses characteristic, the scenery beautiful, and the music highly appropriate. The general satisfaction was best evinced by the continued applause that was bestowed on every part of it, and the burst that followed its being announced for repetition on Wednesday next, when we trust there will be an overflowing House to do justice to the zeal of the managers, the talents of the performers, and the good taste which has selected a Piece so suited to the peculiar circumstances of the Theatrical Establishment at Dum-Dum.

After the Melo-Drama, the fine Song of *Seots wha ha wi' Wallace bled*, was sung by Blackmore, in a real Highland dress, with a kilt and bonnet that had been worn at Colloden, and the feathers of the bonnet partly burnt in the battle of that memorable day, a circumstance which called up the most lively associations in the minds of those to whom this fact was known.

The after-piece of *The Review*, or *The Wags of Windsor*, was gone through with great credit to all engaged in it. This is too well known to require comment, and we have already so far exceeded our usual limits that we have not a word to devote to the merits of the particular characters. We hope to find many future occasions however to speak of this.

The friendly and hospitable manners of the Officers to whose public spirit this little Theatre owes its existence and support, are in no degree changed. We found the same frank and gentlemanly attention to their visitors,—the same family feeling pervading the Theatre, and breaking down all the cold and ordinary barriers of distinction between the individuals of the audience, who all seem to feel themselves more the guests of a select party, than a mixed assemblage of strangers,—the same unbounded desire



on the part of the Managers to contribute to the gratification of all present, that we have so often witnessed and so often praised before.

From the Theatre, the Ladies and Gentlemen retired to an elegant and sumptuous supper; after which, dancing commenced, to an excellent band, and was continued with all the life and spirit of unfettered gaiety and pleasure, until past two, forming the commencement of a series of delightful Entertainments, which we trust will long continue uninterrupted, to the honor of those who direct them, and the gratification of those who have the good fortune to participate in their enjoyment.

**Asiatic Society.**—On Saturday evening, the 13th instant, a meeting of the Asiatic Society was held at the Society's Apartments in Chourin-ghoe, the Marquis of Hastings in the Chair.

The Committee elected for the present year consists of,

**Vice Presidents.**

The Bishop of Calcutta,  
Sir E. H. East,

Colonel Hardwicke,  
W. B. Bayley, Esq.

**Committee of Papers.**

Messrs. G. Swinton,  
H. Mackenzie,  
J. Bentley,  
J. Atkinson,  
G. J. Gordon,

The Revd. J. Parson,  
The Revd. Dr. Carey,  
Doctor Wallich, and  
Captain Roebuck.

Captain Lockett officiates as Secretary during the absence of Mr. Wilson from the Presidency.

A letter was read from Dr. McCulloch, of Baltimore, who some time ago presented to the Society his ingenious Essay on the Aborigines of America. He has been induced to make some inquiries, interesting in the history of the human family, and of especial use in the particular investigation he has long been employed upon, which he has addressed to the members of the Asiatic Society. He conceives it highly desirable to obtain further descriptions, and, if possible, drawings of the Morais (Hindoe, *murá*) and other monuments to be found in various Islands of the Pacific Ocean, particularly those of the Friendly Society, Sandwich, and Eastern Islands. The Island of Tinian, one of the Marianne Islands, (see La Perouse, and subsequent Navigators), contains some singular monuments, which Dr. McCulloch says are entirely unknown to him, except from the very brief description given of them by Lord Anson in his Voyages.\*

The deities worshipped in the Islands of the Pacific he recommends as deserving of investigation, no particular account of them having hitherto appeared.

Dr. McCulloch observes, that General Valancy has stated in the 87th page of his Irish Grammar (Dublin 1781), that the Persians, instead of interpolating, as is customary, one day every four years, to adjust their years with the course of the Sun, they regarded no hours until they amounted to 30 days, which does not take place in less than 120 years. These thirty days were then added to the year (making a year of 13 months) which year was called Bihreck. This mode of interpolation is said by Dr. McCulloch to bear a singular resemblance to the method of the Mexicans, and he is therefore anxious to ascertain, through the medium of the Society, whether there are any other parts of an astronomical system to be found among the Persians, to which such a mode of interpolation would seem properly to belong.

At the last Meeting, Mr. Palmer presented to the Society a marine production, called the Sponge plant, obtained on the coast of the newly acquired Island of Singapore. Colonel Hardwicke, one of the most distinguished naturalists of this country, has favoured the Society with a description of it. He observes, that in the *Systema Naturæ* of Linnæus it belongs to the natural class *Vermes*; and to the genus *Spongia*. In its form it resembles that kind of drinking cup called a Goblet, with a well defined base or root, a cylindrical stem, and a capacious bowl or cup. Its texture is non-elastic, composed of numerous tubes or anastomosing cells; the external surface or epidermis not thicker than the coats of the tubes, and covered with innumerable stellated pores, which under a lens appear to be the mouths of as many vessels, and ramifications of the internal structure. The root is formed of several irregular perpendicular shoots, in their origin apparently cellular, but enlarged by an accumulation of earthy, sandy particles, and broken shells, and of rather a fragile texture. The bowl is circular or sub-conical, with several nodes or protuberances, and covered both within and without, with circular pores of various diameter, the mouths of which are closed with fine cottony fibres, radiating from the circumference to the centre; and the same fibrous substance extends over the surface of the bowl, giving to it when viewed under a lens of common powers, a tormentous appearance. The stem is cylindrical, of proportional height and thickness, and of the same cellular substance as the bowl.

\* The Jesuit Gobien, has published a particular history of the Ladrões, or Marian Islands. See also the Supplement of De Brosses, II, 492, for an ample account of the Ladrões.

The foregoing description is taken from a specimen something larger than the one in the Society's Museum, the dimensions being as follow. The greatest diameter of the bowl is, at its brim, 4.7 inches; the smallest at the bottom 7; in the middle 12; the circumference of the stem 17, but near the root is a tumescence increasing it to a larger dimension. The cavity is capable of containing 36 quarts.

Colonel Hardwicke further observes, that in an Essay on British Sponges, by George Montagu, Esq. published in the 2d volume of the Transactions of the Wernerian Society, is described a Sponge, under the specific denomination of *Scypha*, and this Sponge in its characters has affinity to the subject here mentioned. The Indian species, however, is gigantic in all its parts, compared with the *Spongia Scypha*, and a more appropriate specific distinction may perhaps be given to this, in denominating it *Spongia Patena*, the Goblet Sponge.

Several articles have been selected as presents for the Edinburgh College Museum, in conformity with the resolution passed at the last meeting. They will be forwarded by the Marquis of Hastings.\*

Some beautiful models in ebony, of the instruments used by the natives of India in manufactures and husbandry were laid before the Society.

Colonel Fitzclarence presented, through the medium of the Most Noble the President, his Travels through India and Egypt to England.

A copy of *Recherches sur la Découverte de l'Essence du Rose*, par M. Langlès, was also received.

The Narrative of a Journey from Soobat'hoo to Shipke in Chinese Tartary, by Lieutenant A. Gerard of the Bengal Infantry, was presented by Mr. Metcalfe, at the desire of Sir David Ochterlony. The journey occupies a period from the 22d of September to the 22d of November 1818.

Soobat'hoo lies in lat. 30° 58' and long. 77° 2' and is 4200 feet above the level of the sea. On the 26th of September, Lieutenant Gerard reached Gujndee, in Nawar, a small district of Busehur, famous for its numerous iron mines. It contains but few spots fit for cultivation, and the inhabitants who are miners, live chiefly by their trade in iron. They work the mines only about three months in the year, and commence digging them in March, after the snow has sufficiently melted.

On the 2d of October he pitched his tent on the crest of the Brooang Pass, 15,095 feet above the level of the sea. It is situated in lat. 31° 23' and long. 78° 12'. The country is secluded, rugged, and barren, and the villages very thinly scattered, not more than one or two occurring in a stage. The inhabitants wear a frock of white blanket, often two-fold, reaching down to the knees, and having sleeves, a pair of trousers, and girdle of the same, a cap of black blanket like a bonnet, and shoes of which the upper part is woollen, and the sole alone leather. The people are very dark, and extremely dirty, the villages are generally large, and the houses spacious and even elegant. They are built of stone and wood and either slated or flat roofed, the last is most common. The temples of the Deotas (Deities) are magnificent, and adorned with a profusion of ornaments. In Koonawur, the crops are extremely poor, and in time of scarcity small pears and horse chestnuts, after being steeped in water to take away their bitterness, are dried and ground into flour. Bears are very numerous, and the dogs are of a large ferocious breed, covered with wool, and generally chained during the day, otherwise it would be dangerous to approach a village. The language differs much from the Hindoe, most of the substantives ending in *ing* and *ung*, and verbs in *mig* and *nig*.

At Riaspe he first saw Lamas, and near that place he passed several tumuli, from 10 to 40 feet in length, 2 broad and about 4 high. They are constructed of loose stones without cement, and upon their tops are numerous pieces of slate of all shapes and sizes, carved with strange characters. They are called *Mané*, and are erected over the graves of the Lamas. They are invariably roads on each side of them, and the natives from some superstitious custom always leave them on the right hand, and will rather make a circuit of half a mile than pass them on the wrong side.

The course from Brooang to Shipke had been about N. E. Lieutenant Gerard arrived at the latter place on the 12th of October.

Shipke is a large village in the district of Rongzhoong, under the Deba or Governor of Chubrung, a town, or rather collection of tents, on the left bank of the Sutluj, eight marches to the Eastward. The houses are very much scattered and are built of stone with flat roofs. There are gardens before each, hedged with gooseberries, which give them a neat appearance. Lieutenant Gerard and his brother were the first Europeans the inhabitants had ever seen. The Tartars pleased them much; they have none of that ferocity of character so commonly ascribed to them; they have something of the Chinese features, their eyes are small, they go

\* From Blackwood's Magazine for June we understand that the collection of natural curiosities at the College Museum is on the increase, and ere long promises to be one of the most scientific and beautiful in Europe. The classical Zoological cabinet of Dufresni of Paris has been purchased for a great sum by the college, and is now on its way to Edinburgh. The sale of Bullock's museum in London was attended by a gentleman on the part of the University, and he is understood to have made purchases to a considerable amount. "Every month" says the Editor "collections and specimens are pouring into the Museum from different parts of the world, as donations by those who feel an interest in the advancement of natural history, and in our national museum."



bare headed even in the coldest weather, and have their hair plaited into a pumber of folds, ending in a tail two or three feet long. Their dress consists of a garment of blanket, trowsers of striped woollen stuff resembling Tartan, and stockings or boots of red-blanket, to which are sewed leather shoes. Most of them wear necklaces, upon which are strung pieces of quartz or bone. They have also knives in brass, or silver cases, and all carry iron pipes of the same shape as those used by the labourers at home. The women, whose dress resembles that of the men, literally groan under a load of ornaments, which are mostly of iron or brass, inlaid with silver or tin, and beads, round their necks, wrists, and ankles, and fixed to almost every part of their clothes. While at Shipkè, the Chinese Officers, of whom there are several to regulate the affairs of the country, brought to Lieutenant Gerard and his brother, 16 seers of flour, as a present. A short time afterwards, the principal Officer showed them a long piece of parchment, written in a character supposed to be Chinese, and said that it was an express order from the Garpan of Garoo, under whose authority the Debas are, prohibiting strangers from entering the country. He at the same time observed, that Lieutenant Gerard had so many people with him (nearly 100) that he could not oppose his progress, but it would cost him his head if he afforded him the means of going on, and therefore he would not supply him with provisions.

The latitude of Shipkè is 31° 48', the long. 78° 48'. The people are affable and good natured. Lieutenant Gerard exchanged a gold button for a goat, which he took with him to Soobat'hoo. The wool was extremely fine, and almost equal to what is used for the manufacture of shawls. He was informed that the best was procured further to the Eastward near Garoo, or Gartop, which is the famous mart for wool, but its fineness seems to depend almost entirely on the elevation and coldness of the climate. At Soobat'hoo, 4,200 feet above the sea, the wool is little better than in the plains of Hindoostan, but it gradually grows finer as you ascend, and in Koonawur, where the villages are more than 8,000 feet high, it is fit for making coarse shawls. Gartop is said to be 11 marches from Shipkè.

The traders who cross Ganfung Pass, put on so many clothes to defend themselves from the excessive cold, that they can scarcely walk. They wear a long garment with sleeves made of sheep skin with the woolly side inwards, trowsers and stockings of the same material, a kind of rude gloves of very thick woollen stuffs, and caps and shoes of blanket. They likewise occasionally wrap three or four blankets round them, and thus accoutred set out on their perilous journey. No herbage is to be met with for two days. Leh or Leo is the capital of Laduk, and about midway between Cashmeer and Garoo.

The Wangtoo J'hoola, a rope bridge over the Sutluj, consists of 5 or 6 cables close together, upon which is laid half a hollow fir tree, about two feet long, with pegs driven through it to prevent its coming off. From this hangs a loop of 3 or 4 ropes in which the passenger takes his seat. It is pulled across by two pieces of rotten rope that from constantly breaking occasion this to be a tedious mode of transporting baggage. The conveyance is a pretty safe one, but greatly alarming to a novice, for the J'hoola is elevated 20 feet above the stream, which runs with great rapidity and a deafening noise.

The Sutluj has a variety of names, being called Sutlooj, Sutroodra, Sumudrung, Sampoo, Langa hing, Kampa, Mukaung, and Zang Tee, in different parts of its course. Sutrooda is the most commonly used, by which name it is known from its source to the plains. By the accounts of many people who have travelled along its banks to its source, it issues from Lake Rawunrud, called also Rawathud and Lanka, which was confidently said by every body Lieutenant Gerard saw, that had been there, to communicate with Mansurowur, although Mr. Moorcroft could not discover the outlet of the latter lake. The circuit of Rawunrud is represented as 7 days journey, but it is most likely both lakes were included.

But we must abstain from further notice of this interesting and valuable paper, as it will probably be included in the 14th volume of the *Researches* now in the Press.\*

Mr. Wilson presented a copy of his Sanscrit and English Dictionary to the Society.

Several sculptured antiquities were received from Dr. R. Tytler, and amongst them a curious black stone with three female figures upon it, presented by Major Thomas of the Bengal Infantry.

\* The interesting details of the Narrative of this Journey will be found contained in the Correspondence transmitted to the Editor of the *Calcutta Journal* at different periods, from the Himalyah, in the following Numbers of this Work.

*Calcutta Journal*.—Sunday, March 7th, Vol. II, page 625

— Sunday, July 18th, Vol. IV, page 249

— Thursday, Aug. 8th, Vol. IV, page 490

— Sunday, October 3d, Vol. V, page 259

— Sunday, Oct. 31st, Vol. V, page 453

— Thursday, Nov. 4th, Vol. VI, page 21

— Thursday, Nov. 18th, Vol. VI, page 113

A letter was also read from the Secretary to the Bombay Literary Society, communicating a resolution, that any Member of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta who may be occasionally at Bombay shall have free access to the Library.

Dr. Wallich was appointed to act as Superintendent of the Museum.

The Most Noble the President proposed Baron de Richemont as an Honorary Member.

The following gentlemen proposed at the last meeting were unanimously elected Members of the Society, Messrs. George Money, David Scott, William Eaton, William Linton, and Captain Lachlan. [*Govt. Gaz.*]

## On the Comet.

To the Editor of the *Calcutta Journal*.

SIR,

I am one of those persons who frequently turn their attention to the Starry Firmament, and take particular pleasure in watching the progress of the planetary bodies in their orbits; I am also in the habit of seeing your Journal daily, and from thence I have learned, that one, if not more of those extraordinary visitants called Comets, have been visible lately; and from what I have heard, I have been led to conclude, that it ought to have been visible in Calcutta.

If, Sir, you knew how much I have sought in vain to see this interesting stranger, I am sure you would sympathize with me on the occasion of a complaint, I cannot help preferring against our European Astronomers, and I may say against the persons who are said to have seen it in this country. All they tell us about its situation, is that it is somewhere to the south-east about 10 or 11 o'clock in the evening.

I should be glad, Sir, if through the present suggestion, Star-gazers generally might be induced to mention more precisely the situation of a Comet or any other remarkable appearance which admits of it. What, for instance, can be easier than to say, it is near to Arcturus, north or south, &c. or that it would make a triangle of this or the other kind, with such a Star, and a third remarkable one; by this means, time, inconveniences, and much disappointment, would be spared to other observers.

I cannot help adding, that some of my acquaintance, knowing me to be a Star-gazer, have repeatedly asked me if I have seen the Comet and although I have not failed to look out for it, I am, obliged to answer in the negative.

Your's, &c;

Calcutta, Nov. 16, 1819.

IGNOTUS.

## Boat Office Frauds.

To the Editor of the *Calcutta Journal*.

SIR,

Being convinced that many abuses have been corrected, and much benefit derived by the Community at large, from the circumstances of them having been brought to public notice, through the medium of your Journal, I am induced to solicit you to give insertion to a few lines on the subject of the nefarious practices of the Calcutta Boat-Office-keepers, repeated instances of which have accidentally come to my knowledge, and one so very recently that it deserves to be made known as a caution to the unwary.

A young Friend of mine had occasion to hire a Baggage Boat, to take some property to Berhampoor; he went to a Mr. S. who keeps one of these Offices near the Police Ghaut, who furnished him with what he called a 500 maund Boat, and charged 35 rupees for her hire. The Boat went to Barrackpore, where I happened to see it, and perceiving it to be very small, I caused it to be measured, and found it not capable of taking 350 maunds, being only 10 feet beam, and instead of a crew of 9 men which a 500 maund Boat should have, this Boat had only 5 men, including the mangy, who, on being questioned, admitted that his Boat was not quite 500 maunds, and added that as to the crew, he made no bargain for a complete one, but engaged for the trip at 20 rupees. A remonstrance has been made to Mr. S. who being ashamed of this deception, could only say, that he was ready to return the money on the Boat being given up; but the delay not admitting of this, my young Friend has been obliged to hire a second Boat.

The avowed rate of Commission charged by these Boat-Offices is only 8 per cent. which they adhere to in dealing with experienced persons, but they are ever ready to take advantage of the unwary by every possible means, which this hint may perhaps be instrumental in checking in some degree, or at all events of putting the Boat-Office-keepers on their guard, as it will not be to their advantage to have their misconduct further exposed to public notice.

Your Obedient Servant,

Barrackpore, Nov. 16, 1819.

A SUBSCRIBER.

P. S. The established rate of hire for a 500 maund Boat, with 9 men, to Berhampoor, is 28 rupees, 10 annas, 8 pic, being 20 days' pay.



## Excursions in Africa.

### FROM ZWELLENAM TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES.

June 22d.—This morning I left Zwelendam. My host and hostess begged me to send all my friends to their house, he accompanied me as far as the Brede river, about an hour from the town. Gaspar was with the horses on the other side, as I had rode one of my host's thus far. After proceeding about a mile, Gaspar begged me to turn out of the high road into a foot path, as being a nearer way, which it certainly proved, though a very bad road; we now crossed the Teesaquais river, and entered the Kloof of that name, which is a rocky winding pass between two hills covered with the aloe plant. On first entering you perceive no signs of habitations, and are surprised on turning a sharp angle to see a nice looking house belonging to Myneer Van Adder; he was out, but his wife, a good tempered looking girl, gave us all she had to eat in the house, a few oranges. The horses however fared better, and giving the landlady two rix dollars we proceeded, and a few hundred yards further came to the outlet of this extraordinary place, which is well calculated for the resort of Banditti. Gaspar tells me a Hottentot village once was here, and it was long before the Dutch could destroy it and all the inhabitants. We now soon regained the high road, and in an hour and a half reached Hannans, where I had on coming been so annoyed and determined on not running such a risk again; we pushed on, and in another hour arrived at the Field Cornet Bokstein's, distance from Zwelendam about thirty miles.

23d.—Our route this morning was by the Zonder end river, and after a pleasant ride of three hours and a half, we arrived at John Theunissen's. I had intended to pass the day here, but as the family were going in the evening to his father's, I agreed to accompany them. I here met a Captain Charles Van Heestandt, who has a small estate called Both river, he had been at sea twenty years, and at Calcutta several times under Danish colours. With this gentleman I proceeded to old Theunissen's at Teckhenhuis. The Captain was received most kindly, but I observed a coldness in all towards me, and the old man was almost rude. This was accounted for, in the course of the evening. The hardness of the times and the difference of the Dutch and English Governments were occasionally alluded to. At length the old gentleman said he was seventy-two years old, fifty of which had been passed in Africa, and never before had he known the Boers so unhappy or so wretchedly off. The abolition of the slave trade was the principal cause. Slaves were now difficult to be got, and the Hottentots who used formerly to be procurable in numbers had of late years decreased, and those that remained had flocked round the Missionaries, who had taught them the value of their labour and hire was now demanded a dollar a day for ploughing, and four schellings for other labours; that, thus deprived of hands the Governor had a year ago increased the taxes and assessed the land tenures. Formerly for 30 Dollars a year, an estate of 3000 morgans, equal to 6000 acres was held, that then 30 Dollars were in some estates with difficulty raised, and now that hands were scarce and the farmers must themselves plough, reap and even drive their own waggons, an increased revenue was to be paid; besides the mode of fixing the increase was particularly objectionable, as the *ipse dixit* of the landroost is taken and acted upon.

Why does not Government, said the old man, appoint a committee? let them go to, and fairly examine the capabilities of each estate,—then assess, and we would cheerfully pay. When you were introduced to me this evening as an Englishman, a thought of my own wrongs overcame what was due to a stranger and a traveller, and I received you unkindly. Forgive me, said he, and he stretched out his hands, which I shook, and I then pointed out to him the selfishness of suffering his individual losses to influence him to condemn the act of the Government, the protection of which he enjoyed, and above all that noblest act and greatest blessing to mankind, the abolition of the slave trade. It was self again, I told him, that induced him to blame the worthy missionaries, that though their labours might have taken a few hands from the farmers, they had civilized a set of savages, and had taught them to know themselves, and consequently their value and the cheerful labours of the free man would be more serviceable to them than the forced work of the slave. At length the old gentleman admitted the truth of what I had said, and proposed sopies, and we were great friends. He told me his estate, called the Zickenhuis (the Hospital) was the healthiest place in all Africa, that the last time the English took the Cape, a detachment of the 8th Dragoons was quartered with him, and that during eight years not a man had died of the several reliefs. This he greatly attributed to his having given them corned meat every other day. The supper passed over very pleasantly; the young ladies, not aware that I understood Dutch, were quizzing me properly. The family consisted of five sons and three daughters, and they were all married and comfortably settled in farms, within sight of their parent's house.

24th.—I took leave this morning of this respectable family. As the late rains had much swelled the river Zwart, I was to cross it in a boat near the house of William Theunissen, one of the sons. In about an hour we came to the crossing place, and had great trouble in getting the horses over. They swam alongside the small boat we were in, which constantly getting on their backs, jerked the reins out of our hands, and

off went the horses to the shore again. At last we all got across, and passing along the side of the Zonder-end mountains, arrived in about two hours at Bavian's Kloof, when Gaspar galloped to the Krawl of his frow, and I rode up to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Leitner, who with the other missionaries received me most kindly, and congratulated me on my safe return.

I have already mentioned this excellent institution. The united Brethren of Moravia, trace their origin to the Waldenses, a society which existed soon after the time of the Apostles, and which during the long religious struggle on the continent, so nobly supported the Protestant cause. They first sent Missionaries to the Cape of Good Hope, in the year 1737, who established themselves at Bavian's Kloof, but no encouragement being given to them by the Government, and no Brethren coming out, the establishment in a few years ceased to exist. However, in the year 1792, seven Brethren again came out and established themselves in the former village at Bavian's Kloof, (Monkey's pass) gave it the name of Gracedale, and it has yearly since been increasing in numbers and in fame.

No enthusiasm, no fanaticism, but too general amongst the English Missionaries, is ever to be seen with them, they consequently are much more successful in their vocation. Their congregation at present consists of 1309 Hottentots men, women, and children, of whom 935 have been baptized. In the village are 240 cottages, which consist of two rooms, one for sleeping and the other for cooking, which operation is thus performed. A bar runs across the middle of the room, from which is suspended several iron chains, and in them are hung the iron pots, but no outlet for the smoke save the door. Their savage custom therefore of delighting in smoke and grease not is to be overcome. In all else, cleanliness and neatness is apparent. The church was built by subscription. It is a neat plain building, holding about 1000. No one is baptized before they are spoken to, the men by the brethren: the women by the sisters. If found not to be aware of what they are about to receive, if not really anxious for it from conviction of the benefits, the ceremony is deferred. Near the church is a small neat building, the school room for instructing the children.

It was built in 1814, the funds raised by subscription, and the Reverend Mr. Jones, Colonial Chaplain at the Cape, greatly assisted this charitable act, and several Gentlemen from India put down their names. In this room, four times a week, are two hundred children, from five to fourteen years old, collected, and are instructed in reading and writing; the boys by the men, the girls by the women, each having separate hours. The plan of instruction is nearly that of Lancaster. The boys when considered fit are apprenticed to the trades they are best adapted for, and each of the Missionaries superintends a particular one. The girls are also brought up to be useful, and Mrs. Leitner has introduced amongst them, the working in muslin, &c. similar to the chicken work in Calcutta, and as well executed. These, together with the knives, chairs, &c. are eagerly bought up at Cape Town, and the proceeds nearly pay all the expenses of the establishment. They also make their own wines, brandies, and candles.

Bavian's Kloof though situated at the foot of mountains, and surrounded by hills on all sides, is considered very healthy, the general complaint, as indeed in South America, is consumption. Cows thrive well but sheep do not. All vegetables grow well, except cauliflowers, and the vineyards are luxurious.

25th. Mr. and Mrs. Leitner, Missionaries, accompanied me about the villages. All about the cottages of the Christians was neat and clean, and formed a great contrast to the dwellings of the yet unconverted. They were living in Krawls, an exact representation of which is given in by Kolb, in his Travels. The women appeared much attached to their children, and a nice little girl a few months old attracting my notice, I took it up and asked the mother to sell it, and Mrs. Leitner, I said, would give her 100 dollars. She burst into tears, fell at my feet, and begged me to return her infant, for not for millions would she part with her. The real Hottentot race appears to be now nearly extinct at the Cape, owing to the cruelties of the first Dutch settlers, who without mercy or consideration destroyed millions. A mixed race is now general, and the term "Bastard" is used by the Dutch Ladies without any ceremony. The real Hottentot is easily distinguished from them, as they are from the Kaffers, who resemble the negroes and are a fine stout well made race. The Hottentot is the Chinese exactly, of a yellower tinge, and instead of the long straight black hair, has a woolly head and is of small stature, but differing again from the wool of the negroes. The Kaffers are rarely seen on the Cape side of the Great Fish river. One of them happened to be here, a fine well made fellow. We went to his Krawl. He told me in Dutch he was poor and wretched, too bad to become a Christian, and could neither afford a wife nor a servant. However, as I had come over the great sea to visit him, fortune would doubtless smile upon him.

We turned back, and passing the houses of the Brethren went north towards the mountains. A small path leads you thro' a ravine, the village is soon lost sight of, and crossing a stream of water, a large rock presents itself, forming a canopy over a kind of grotto. Here the Biasi-nares often have tea parties. On proceeding further up the glen, we had often to cross water ankle deep, and at last growing deeper we turned back; but had not Mrs. Leitner been with us, should have insisted on going on, as I was anxious to reach the mountains. We returned just as the supper bell rang.



## Government Orders.

## GENERAL ORDERS, BY THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

Head-Quarters, Calcutta, November 11, 1819.

Lieutenant R. C. Macdonald, doing duty with the 2nd Battalion 13th Regiment, is directed to proceed and join the 1st Battalion 25th Regiment, to which he stands posted.

The following Officers attached to the 2nd Battalion of Ceylon Volunteers, now at the Presidency, are directed to proceed and join the corps to which they belong, by water.

Captain G. Cooper, 2nd Battalion 5th Regiment at Kurnool.

Lieutenant and Brevet-Captain De Waal, 1st Battalion 16th Regiment at Dinapore.

Lieutenant Grose, 2nd Battalion 17th Regiment at Sagor.

Lieut. Kennedy, 1st Battalion 5th Regiment at Nemuch (via Agra.)

Lieutenant Winfield, 2nd Battalion 24th Regiment at Bareilly.

Lieutenant Kennedy and Winfield, (the staff officers of the Battalion,) will proceed to Benares in the first instance, and assist Lieutenant-Colonel Garner in carrying into effect the disbanding of the Companies on duty there.

Captain Weston will proceed without delay to join the 1st Battalion 2nd Regiment at Hussingabad.

After the Companies at Benares are disbanded, the undermentioned officers will proceed from that station, to join their corps by water.

Capt. W. H. Davies, 1st Battalion 6th Regiment at Goorganooh.

Captain Swinbol, 2nd Battalion 14th Regiment at Füttehghurh.

Lieut. and Brevet-Captain Munrow, 2nd Battalion 7th Regiment at Keitah.

Lieutenant George Hickman, 1st Battalion 1st Regiment at Mooradabad.

The Serjeant-Major and Quarter-Master-Serjeant of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion, will accompany Lieut.-Colonel Garner to Benares, and when the Battalion is entirely disbanded, will join the following corps, to which they are posted.

Serjeant-Major Ludlow, the 1st Battalion 13th Regiment.

Quarter-Master-Serjeant Mills, the 2nd Battalion 24th Regiment.

Rombardier Levey, now attached to the Allahabad Magazine, is directed to join the 1st Company 1st Battalion of Artillery at that station, and in which he is to be enrolled.

JAS. NICOL, Adj. Gen. of the Army.

Head-Quarters, Calcutta, November 12, 1819.

The detail of His Majesty's Regiments for the Presidency of Bombay, under the Command of Ensign Conlithorne, 65th Regiment, is to be held in readiness to embark on Board the ship *Mary Ann*, whenever that vessel shall be reported ready to receive it, of which due notice will be given.

Supernumerary Assistant Surgeon Campbell, will proceed on this ship in Medical Charge of the above detail.

By Order of the Most Noble the Commander in Chief,

THOS. McMAHON, Col. A. G.

Head-Quarters, Calcutta, November 13, 1819.

Captain Gordon of H. M. 59th Regiment has leave to proceed to Europe for the recovery of his health, and to be absent on that account for two years from the date of his embarkation.

By Order of the Most Noble the Commander in Chief,

THOS. McMAHON, Col. A. G.

## MADRAS APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. Assistant Surgeon W. R. Selby, Surgeon to the Governor.  
Mr. W. Macleod, Master Attendant at Negapatam.

## BOMBAY FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT.

Bombay Castle, Oct. 20, 1819.

Notice is hereby given, that the General Treasury is open for the receipt of cash for bills on Bengal payable at ninety (90) days' sight at the exchange of 107 Bombay per 100 Sicca Rupees in even hundreds of not less than Rupees one thousand.

By Order of the Right Hon'ble the Governor in Council,

W. NEWNHAM, Sec. to Govt.

## PENANG.

## JUDICIAL APPOINTMENT

Mr. W. Cracroft, to be High Sheriff of Prince of Wales' Island and its Dependencies, for the ensuing year.

## Shipping Intelligence.

## CALCUTTA ARRIVAL.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	From Whence	Left
Nov. 18	Mercur	French	D. Chercelure	Bordeaux	Jan. 2

## CALCUTTA DEPARTURE.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	Destination
Nov. 18	Mary Ann	British	J. Webster	Bombay

## Domestic Occurrences.

## MARRIAGES.

At Berhampore, on the 10th instant, by the Reverend Mr. Eales, Chaplain of the station, Captain M. S. Hogg, of the H. C.'s European Regiment, and Acting Barrack Master at Berhampore, to Mrs. Burton, Widow of the late Capt. Burton, of the H. C.'s Army.

At Ghazepore, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. W. Palmer, Capt. Robert Brown, H. M.'s 24th Regiment, to Anna, eldest Daughter of John Thomson, Esq. of Mid Lothian.

## BIRTHS.

On the 16th instant, the Lady of Lieutenant H. C. Barnard, Interpreter and Quarter Master 1st Battalion 26th Regiment Native Infantry, of a Daughter.

At Jessore, on the 12th instant, Mrs. G. H. B. Gonsalves, of a Son.

## DEATHS.

On the 15th instant, Mr. J. M. Salunias, Chief Officer of the American ship General Hamilton, aged 30 years.

On the 10th instant, Miss Elizabeth Goodall, aged 27 years.

## Commercial Reports.

(FROM THE CALCUTTA EXCHANGE PRICE CURRENT.)

Cotton, Jaloon, .....	per maund	17 8 a 18 0
Cutchora, .....		16 8 a 17 0
Grain, Rice, Patna, .....		3 10 a 3 12
Patchery, 1st, .....		3 0 a 3 2
2d, .....		2 8 a 2 10
Moongy, 1st, .....		1 11 a 1 12
2d, .....		1 10 a 1 11
Ballum, 1st, .....		1 12 a 1 13
Indigo, Blue, .....		160 0 a 0 0
Blue and Purple, .....		145 0 a 150 0
Purple, .....		140 0 a 145 0
Purple and Violet, .....		135 0 a 140 0
Violet, .....		125 0 a 130 0
Violet and Copper, .....		110 0 a 120 0

COTTON.—Some few transactions have taken place in the bazar during the week, at an advance of 4 to 6 annas on the rates of last week. The quantity in the market is still very limited.

INDIGO.—The Arabs are continuing their purchases, and the business done during the week has been considerable; holders, however, evince every disposition to part with the article, and our present quotations are authorised by actual sales. A lot of 500 maunds, considered the best Indigo in Bengal, has been sold for London at 160 in bond, and two other parcels of very good quality, at 147-8 and 142-8; the duty paid by the Planter.

## CURRENT VALUE OF GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

BUY	NOVEMBER 1819.	SELL
2 Rs. 0 As. {	Six per Cent Loan Promissory Notes.	{ 2 Rs. 6 As.

## BANK OF BENGAL RATES.

Discount on Private Bills, .....	8 per cent.
Discount on Government Bills of Exchange, .....	6 per cent.
Discount on Government Salary Bills, .....	6 per cent.
Interest on Loans on Deposit, .....	6 per cent.

## COURSE OF EXCHANGE

REMIT.]	CALCUTTA.	[DRAW
2s. 6d. On London, six Months sight, per Sicca Rupee, .....		2 7
Bombay, thirty Days sight, per 100 Bombay Rs. .....	Sa. Rs. 88 0 0	
Madras, thirty Days sight, per 100 Star Pagodas, .....	320 0 0	

## PRICE OF BULLION.

Spanish Dollars, .....	Sicca Rupees 205 6 a 205 10 per 100
Dubloons, .....	30 6 a 30 8 each
Joos, or Pezas, .....	16 14 a 17 0 each
Dutch Ducats, .....	4 2 a 4 8 each
Louis D'ors, .....	8 4 a 8 8 each
Silver 5 Franc pieces, .....	190 8 a 191 0 per 100
Star Pagodas, .....	5 5 a 5 6 each



## New Poetry.

*Lines Written on a blank leaf of Campbell's Pictures of Hope.*

Of power the fond and feeling heart to bless  
 With tenderest joy and sweetest pensiveness,—  
 In Love's warm soul to wake a deeper glow,  
 Or kindlier steal a flushing smile from woe,—  
 Here Campbell lives;—his record of renown  
 No fleeting pomp,—a pageant,—or a crown!  
 With time's swift tide, they sparkle, and they pass;—  
 Ionic marble and Corinthian brass  
 Melt into dust;—towers, kingdoms, empires fall,  
 As circling ages into ages call;  
 But all unfelt the withering chill of time,  
 In the fresh flower of a perennial prime.  
 Here Campbell lives;—here hath his hand designed  
 The fervid transcript of his generous mind  
 Like that mysterious crystal which inspires  
 Serener pureness from the wrath of fires;  
 The tender charm of his familiar page,  
 Which soothed with softest dreams our earliest age  
 But breathes,—resigned to art's severe controul,—  
 Diviner transport, and a purer soul.  
 When his bold strings, with noblest frenzy fraught,  
 Unchecked by terror, reach the heaven of thought,  
 Seems not his minstrel-spirit to have won  
 The fiery car and mantle of the sun;  
 Wide o'er the burning galaxy to sweep  
 Span earth's proud planet and divide the deep,  
 Its springs unlock, and wake with potent spell  
 The angel pity slumbering in her cell?—  
 Soft as her sigh, the swelling tones subside,  
 Mournful and slow, yet warbling as they glide,  
 Sooth the still air, the arrested soul enchain,  
 Till bliss is moulded in the mint of pain!  
 O thou, whose path fair Fancy strews with flowers,—  
 One lovely tissue of romantic hours,—  
 Whose classic home indulgent Heaven has graced  
 With each blest handmaid in the court of taste;  
 Oft o'er the enchanting scenes thy art has planned,  
 Supremely lovely, or divinely grand,  
 Shall beauty linger—each rude care asleep—  
 Alone with thee to glow or wildly weep;  
 Till thou, enthron'd within her breast, shall be  
 The guardian priest of her futurity,  
 Responsive to her voice, bright dreams to weave  
 At opening sun-rise and at falling eve.

## TO A FRIEND.

If storms, the myrtle-flowers decay,  
 And lightning scathe the parent tree;  
 Fresh blooms almost as fair as they  
 In Spring's returning hours we see:  
 The stream that glanced as clear as light,—  
 Now darkened by a turbid strain,—  
 In after moments, to the sight,  
 Reflects heaven's glorious hues again;  
 With awful sound and stormy flash,  
 At morn, old Ocean's waters roar;  
 Yet evening hears them softly dash  
 In music on the sunny shore:  
 And hearts by sorrow nursed, and care,—  
 By torture seared, or rent by woe,—  
 May see, in happier moments, there  
 Sweet Hope's returning blossoms blow.  
 Love's holy light may all be faded,  
 And stained and troubled be its tide;  
 Yet from her urn,—by roses shaded,—  
 A purer stream shall be supplied.  
 Wild and lamenting voices speak  
 The spirit's awful agonies;  
 Whose stormy rush may burst and break  
 And in soft melting murmurs rise:  
 But Time, whose wing hath soothed this heart,—  
 All broken once as thine can be,  
 And torn in every tender part,—  
 Shall lay his healing hand on thee,  
 At midnight to thy page I flee,  
 Oh! dear devoted son of song;  
 My sleepless spirit aches for thee,  
 To thee my warmest tears belong.

Thy friends from sorrow turned away,  
 Love would not wake one strain to cheer thee;—  
 But there are hearts more true than they,  
 To whom thy griefs the more endear thee.—  
 I know the world hath loved us not,  
 That Fate her burning brand hath hurled:  
 But song can soothe our darkest lot,  
 And we may yet defy the world.  
 Souls, which apart are like to such,  
 When joined, a purer pulse can know;  
 As two discordant harps, when touched  
 At once, in softest music flow.

## MIDNIGHT.

'Tis night, and in darkness:—the visions of youth  
 Flit solemn and slow in the eye of the mind;  
 The hopes that excited have perished;—and truth  
 Laments o'er the wreck they are leaving behind.—  
 'Tis midnight;—and wide o'er the regions of riot  
 Are spread, deep in silence, the wings of repose;  
 And man, soothed from revel and lulled into quiet,  
 Forgets in his slumber the weight of his woes.  
 How gloomy and dim is the scowl of the heaven.  
 Whose azure the clouds with their darkness invest;  
 Not a star o'er the shadowy concave is given,  
 To omen a something like hope in the breast.  
 Hark! how the lone night-wind upstosses the forest;  
 A downcast regret thro' the mind slowly steals:  
 But ah! 'tis the tempests of Fortune, that sorest:  
 The desolate heart in its loneliness feels.  
 Where, where are the spirits in whom was my trust;  
 Whose bosoms with mutual affection did burn?  
 Alas! they are gone to their homes in the dust;  
 The grass rustles drearily over their urn:  
 Whilst I, in a populous solitude languish,  
 Mid foes who beset me, and friends who are cold;  
 Yes,—the pilgrim of earth oft has felt in his anguish  
 That the heart may be widowed before it be old!  
 Affection can soothe but its votaries an hour,—  
 Doomed soon in the flames that it raised to depart;  
 But oh! Disappointment has poison and power  
 To ruffle and fret the most patient of heart!  
 How oft 'neath the dark-pointed arrows of malice  
 Hath merit been destined to bear and to bleed;  
 And they who of pleasure have emptied the chalice,  
 Can tell that the dregs are full bitter indeed!  
 Let the storms of adversity low'r,—'tis in vain,  
 Tho' friends should forsake me and foes should condemn,  
 These may kindle the breasts of the weak to complain;  
 They only can teach resignation to mine:  
 For far o'er the regions of doubt and of dreaming,  
 The spirit beholds a less perishing span;  
 And bright thro' the tempest the rainbow is streaming,—  
 The sign of forgiveness from Maker to Man!

## TO A LADY.

Let not suspicions so unkind  
 Make parting with you more severe,  
 For I shall ever bear in mind  
 Those friends who made me happy here.  
 And if you feel that you must be,  
 Though absent, mindful of my name,  
 In justice to yourself and me,  
 Believe that I shall feel the same.  
 You say in every form you see  
 A relic of our joys you'll find;  
 But distant scenes will bring to me  
 No trace of her I leave behind.  
 Yet, oh! in every changing scene,  
 I'll think—(for I must think about you.)  
 How blest with you it might have been,  
 But how unblest it is without you.